

LOVE OF FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos, generosis.

HOR.

BY THE REVEREND
EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

RECTOR OF WELLWYN IN HARTFORDSHIRE,
AND CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS,
M. DCC. L.

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IN THE



P R E F A C E.

TH ESE fatires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. a writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. men may rise in their

affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. it is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: which is applicable, likewise, to graver compositions. Ethics, heathen and christian, and the scriptures themselves are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too. nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress. so that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. if they like not

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the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed of his aim. nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate, is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing indifferent, to a reasonable and virtuous man, now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this

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reason ; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem. which truth is the subject of the following satires ; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root. an unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. one passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason ; whatever some may teach. for to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the

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fairest for success. the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor: and when an author is in a passion, they laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. this kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I, comparatively, condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most requi-

red it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. an excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, pressness, particularly: whereas it appears to me, that repetition is his fault; if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose-satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. an author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion

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of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. what a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him. he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it: and he that succeeds in spite of it, is,

* ‘ *aliena venia, quam sua providentia
tutior.*’

Such wits, like false oracles of old,

• Val. Max.

(which were wits and cheats,) should set up for reputation among the weak, in some Boeotia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. some wits too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities; but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts

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should escape? some French writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. it is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of love; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. love, says he, is the son of the goddess poverty, and the god of riches: he has from his father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful: his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference

and distinction. from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity, with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. this addition may be made, viz. that poetry, like love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity but choice: were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.



SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF DORSET.

— Tanto major famae sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronize a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B——e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;

When men grow great from their revenue spent,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;
 To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
 Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an Aethiop white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And satirise with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
 Congreve, who crown'd with laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye gods! he will not write, and Maevius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread,
 And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?

* Horace.



Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.

What will not men attempt for sacred praise ?

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,

Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:

The proud to gain it toils on toils endure;

The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

O'er globes, and sceptres, now, on thrones it swells,

Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.

'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,

Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.

Here to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence;

There, bolder aims at P——y's eloquence.

It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,

And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;

Nor ends with life; but nods in fable plumes,

Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:

The whore is proud her beauties are the dread

Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;

And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims born

To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,

And come back much more guilty than they went:

One way they look, another way they steer,

Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;

And when their sins they set sincerely down,

They'll find that their religion has been one,

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd's a book,
Or pompous title, like a gawdy sign
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T— had dropt his quill,
T— might have past for a great genius still;
But T— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd,
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glafs how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some ideots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of fame
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame,

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Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still !) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin ?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer ! with thy epic rules
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire ! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave, or fool should perish in each line ;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace ?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
Ye vulgar ! at your peril give him room :
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave,
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool, or knave that wears a title, lyes.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who on a South-Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth, and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

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Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantome, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost, and grandeur, C_____dos he'll out-do,
And, B_____l_____ton, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers, and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues are his flame;
Not F---t---n's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good P---b---ke more in love with stone.
The bailiff's come (rude men, prophanely bold)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

« No, sirs, he cries, I'll sooner rot in jail.
« Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?
Such heads might make their very busto's laugh.
His daughter starves, but * Cleopatra's safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.

* A famous statue.

By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is blest by accident or guess,
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire, it abounds in lords.
'What lords are those saluting with a grin?'
One is just out, and one as lately in.
'How comes it then to pass we see preside
'On both their brows an equal share of pride?'
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home, it triumphs in high-place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight;
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses, into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast
With pride inverted of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers, here, thro' odd ambition strive
To seem the most transported things alive?

As if by joy, desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.
Completely drest by * Monteuil, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and publick face:
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B_____s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the wise, and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not blefs create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry, and show,
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene.

* A famous taylor.

No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe my muse! and then thy task renew.
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates:

Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scr——pe discreetly bend:
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly whistles, as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there, whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

S A T I R E II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
 Tho' toil, and danger the bold task attend.
 Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
 Plain satire calls for sense in every line:
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
 All friends to vice, and folly are thy foes.
 When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
 'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are humankind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
 Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted, by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
 * Hippolitus demands the Sylvan crown;
 But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
 Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
 Why shines the sun? to make * Paul Diack rise.
 From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.

* This refers to the first satire.

* The name of a tulip.

What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
 O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
 The tulip's dead! see thy fair sister's fate,
 O C———! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
 Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
 A quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
 To one lov'd tulip oft' the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.
 He rag'd! he roar'd! & what daemon cropt my
 flow'r?"

Serene quoth Adam, & lo! 'twas crusht by me;
 & Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
 knee.'

& But all men want amusement, and what crime
 & In such a paradise to fool their time?
 None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
 We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?

What's he, who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower;
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung
From fardid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gawdy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And T——n turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for game:
If so, sure they who the meer volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain——with his mark.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown?

Editions various, at high prices bought,

Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;

And, to this cost, another must succeed,

To pay a sage, who says that he can read,

Who titles knows, and indexes has seen;

But leaves to——what lies between,

Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,

And humbly is contented with their sense.

O——, whose accomplishments make good

The promise of a long-illustrious blood,

In arts, and manners eminently grac'd,

The strictest honour! and the finest taste!

Accept this verse; if satire can agree

With so consummate an humanity.

By your example would Hilario mend,

How would it grace the talents of my friend,

Who with the charms of his own genius smit,

Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?

But time his fervent petulance may cool;

For tho' he is a wit, he is no fool.

In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
 Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
 His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
 Were not his jest as flippant with the wife.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
 Like doom's-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
 Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
 Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
 And never on the weak; or you'll appear
 As there no héroe, no great genius here.
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
 Their want of age from their offence is seen;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
 The same men give is for the joy they find;
 Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment what place so fit?
 His most facetious * letters came to hand,
 Which my first satire sweetly reprimand.
 If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
 Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool, or knave?
 For all but such with caution I forbore;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:

* Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
 No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through;
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
 Thy best concealment had been writing well:
 But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
 Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
 Their peevish reason, vain of being dull;
 When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
 In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
 Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
 Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are awake.
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—'he's a wit.'
 Poor negroes, thus, to shew their burning spite
 To cacodaemons, say, they're devilish white.

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
 Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his grief? one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
 And feel a passion for a grain of corn,

Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-son,
And by heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to lisp, another not to see;
Miss D——tottering catches at your hand.
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what nature gave, disown thro' pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
“ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:”
Then quotes the Stagyrte to prove it true,
And adds, “ the learn'd delight in something new.”
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

Ye subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with the better grace:

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark ! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain ;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the skreen ;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, —, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court, and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizer quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face ?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind ;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone ?

These all their care expend on outward shew
For wealth, and fame ; for fame alone, the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen.
How blank his look ? how discompos'd his mien ?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was plain,

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with the Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In linnen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd fur-tout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.

One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame ;
But open force was vain ; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent ;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
“ And glory at one entrance quite shut out. * ”

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim :
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;
Their methods various, but alike their aim :
The sloven, and the fopling are the same.

Ye whigs and tories ! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimick-monkey in the glass,
While both are one ; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand as fools alone.

“ But who art thou ? ” methinks Florello cries.
“ Of all thy species art thou only wife ? ”
Since smallest things can give our fins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou my self ! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.

* Milton.

Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
 And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
 Know, fame and fortune both are made of prose.
 Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
 While I a moment name, a moment's past;
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last:
 What then is to be done? be wise with speed:
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame?
 How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
 For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
 That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

S A T I R E III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too decays,
And dark, and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such, who run in debt for their disgrace,

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mold;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dear crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those, who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boading, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tube, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the weather dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:

Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles, or parentage ;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look ;
Another judges, for he bought the book ;
Some judge, their knack of judging-wrong to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise :
None are at leisure others to reward ;
They scarce will damn, but out of self-regard.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends ? what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste ;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame ; with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May ;
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is ——— to dine,

Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And, to a kind digestion, spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame ;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thousand lords, ' behind their backs.'
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
" When turn'd away," with a familiar leer ;
And H——y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd sops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame, still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;
Has words, and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men ' forge the patents,' that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great, and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor, can ev'n satire blame them, for 'tis true
They most have ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou was meant
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
Tho' Phoebus and the nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write agen.

See Tityrus with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter, 'ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire,
Of houses some, nay houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs,
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength, and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis followed and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too?

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise

To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

‘To err, says he, in small things is my fate.’

You know your answer, ‘‘ he’s exact in great.”

‘My stile, says he, is rude, and full of faults.’

‘‘ But O! what sense! what energy of thoughts!”

That he wants algebra he must confess.

‘‘ But not a soul to give our arms success.”

‘Ah! that’s a hit indeed, Vincenna cries;

‘But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

‘I own ’twas wrong, when thousands call’d me back,

‘To make that hopeless, ill-advis’d attack;

‘All say ’twas madness, nor dare I deny;

‘Sure never fool so well deserv’d to die.’

Could this deceive in others, to be free,

It ne’er, Vincenna, cou’d deceive in thee,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? confess
Thy little-self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake,
Our fortunes there, nor thou, nor I shall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign,
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer Lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning they advance.
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm, and virtue she's possess.
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest,

The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be justly proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;
For lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market, where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakespear's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanting fair would throng,
And own, that English is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses out-shine;
While tradesmen starve, these philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather give, than pay.
O lavish land! for sound at such expence?
But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Musick I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th'embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country——if the dance is done.

‘Are we not then allow’d to be polite?’

Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.

Worth of politeness is the needful ground,

Where that is wanting, this can ne’er be found.

Triflers not even in trifles can excell;

’Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these later days,

To turn a willing world from righteous ways,

Well, H———r, dost thou thy master serve;

Well has he seen his servant shou’d not starve.

Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais’d,

In various forms of worship seen him prais’d,

Gawdy devotion, like a Roman, shown,

And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.

Inferior off’rings to thy god of vice,

And duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;

Thy sacrifice supreme, an hundred maids!

That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!

If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,

An hundred heads of cuckolds suffice.

Thou smil’st, well pleas’d with the converted land,

To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And that thy ministry may never fail,

But what thy hand has planted still prevail,

Of minor prophets a succession sure

The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state

In solemn council met, and deep debate!

What godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
Fix'd is the fate of whores, and fiddle-strings !

Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please : (these,
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire, which gave none offence ?
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
On then, my muse ! and fools, and knaves expose,
And since thou canst not make a friend, make foes :
The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knives know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price ?
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.

To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd:
Bear this from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, withease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O ! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extreams to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the muse ;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state, and crown ;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves :

But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred stream, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A Quid-nunc is an almanac of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use.
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate 'not content' can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.

To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a bible, and a shoulder-knot;

Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;

To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed.

Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.

Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wond'rous force;
But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd once so well.

C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and he, believe, and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian Club disclaims,
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names,
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church, or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis due;
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis true;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the bowing dean;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise, and worthless shares.

In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure as cards, he to the assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not----to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race:
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike, is sure to please
Of all mankind these dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arb_____t is a fool, and F_____ a sage,
S_____ly will fright you, E_____ engage,
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S_____x is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush, if you surprize them in the right,
If they by chance blurt out, 'ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Q_____y is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn
In wearing others' follies, than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell inhances,
And Ashmole's baby-house, is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish? how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore?
He shews on holidays a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.
 ' Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 ' Since the great plague that swept as many more,
 ' Was ever year unblest as this?' he'll cry,
 ' It has not brought us one new butterfly!
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?
 Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title, and estate.

Where-e'er their lordships go, they never find,
 Or Lico, or their shadows lag behind;
 He sets them sure, where-e'er their lordships run,
 Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance from place to place,
 The * Dane is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer;
 Or living pendant, dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or thump it for his better ease;
 Or a vile butt, for noon, or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that close?
 Scarce meaner they, who terms, like these, impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or antient authors lye;

* A Danish Dog.

The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.

All men they flatter, but themselves the most
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profess.

« B——le shines in council, M——t in the fight,

« P——m's magnificent; but I can write,

« And what to my great soul like glory dear?»

'Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat:
Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page, (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears?
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears?
When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you starve, to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phoebus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press?

Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg;

A barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.

Tho' such my self, vile bards I discommend,
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.

'Is't then a crime to write?'—if talents rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:

For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,

Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,

Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend
H——t, with zeal a patron, and a friend?

A——le true wit is studious to restore!
And D——t smiles, if Phoebus smil'd before,

P——ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.

How mad their aim? who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess alive.

Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.

This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal but in rags;
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in Lombard-street,
From rescu'd candle's ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardless miser? 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail, but----half a crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

'Who'd be a slave?' the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.

To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,---
Just is his title,----for I will not fight:
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,---by their place.
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known,
Augustus' deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost.

MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But, there indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies, and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair;
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair;
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an eye;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satyrizing those, is praising thee;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.

As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Thro' every sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbets, (and still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
Warm gleams of hope she, now, dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds agen.
With all her lustre, now, her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all extasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Aetna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

She reads the psalms, and chapters for the day
In——Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy, when at peace;
To find you news, who racks her subtle head,
And vows--- "that her great grandfather is dead."

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a talk indeed to learn---- to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies,
That shews, or makes you both polite, and wise.

Zantippe cries, "let nymphs who nought can say,
" Be lost in silence, and resign the day:
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
" By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Zantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea.
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd
throng

Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What black, what ceaseless care besiege our state?
What strokes we feel from fancy, and from fate?
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune, suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment, or kill?
How oft' the noon, how oft' the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;

Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tendernefs! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they compleat;
There master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng,
With what air she smacks the silken thong?
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.

Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the Belle-Lettre lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs tofs'd high on her Sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town---she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease?
Some ladies judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella, her eyes shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right,
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then, (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts was bright;

Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
 He met her pass'ion, all her sighs return'd,
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own :
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.
 The day was fix'd ; when with one acre more
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd Threescore.
 The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.
 Of pride, and av'rice who can cure the fair ?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
 But fools create themselves new appetites.
 Fancy, and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish nor to reason, nor to sense.
 When surfeit, or unthankfulness destroys,
 In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
 Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the doctor call :
 He comes : but where's his patient ? at the ball.
 The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
 And cries, ' My lady, sir, is always so.
 ' Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
 ' True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.

' I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
 ' For fevers take an opera in June.
 ' And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 ' A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
 ' With cholics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
 ' With indigestions,*supper just at three.'

A strange alternative, replies sir H——s,
 Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
 Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
 But drop and die, in perfect health, at home.
 For want——but not of health, are ladies ill,
 And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
 Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when
 O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
 Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
 ' Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white.'
 Why went she not to bed? ' Because 'twas night.'
 Did she then dance, or play? ' nor this, nor that.'
 Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
 ' No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
 ' Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose.'
 Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the fashionable owls, to bed.
 This her pride covets, this her health denies;
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

* Lap-Dog.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then,
Revolves into her native red agen.

Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please the less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lilly, and the rose.

How gay they smile? such blessings nature pours,
O'er-stock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race,
Is nature then a niggard of her blifs?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted arts deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;

But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight;
And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth, and open way;
Thro' briars, and brambles in the world we stray,
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next;
There too the muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the muses; but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Dursley's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness.
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
'Well sure, we were so happy yesterday!
'And then that charming party for to-morrow!'
Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power.
For such is our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright, and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lyes;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine:
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.
 She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
 The morning came, when Strephon waking found
 (Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
 ' What miracle, says Strephon, makes thee weep?
 ' Ah barbarous man, she cries, how cou'd you—sleep?

Men love a mistress, as they love a feast;
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We wish our mistress, and our meat away:
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
 Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
 Let woman never triumph, nor despair;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.
 But not of that unfashionable set
 Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
 Phillis demands eternal love at least.

Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Wherein a box the whole creation lies.
She sees the planets in their turns advance;
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To _____ turn, she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;

Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks, and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the common weal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.

When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a fine-cure:

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of scripture at piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her maker that her cards are good.
What angels wou'd these be, who thus excell
In theologies, cou'd they sew as well!

Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, shou'd be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,

To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower?

The young and gay declining, Abra flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
Like any lord that promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder, as insolvent gold?
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more, is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the sickle view,
It charms us now, anon we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:

The fair, 'tis true, by genius shou'd be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the willow, with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages, journeys round the room:
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps——that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarff! is her Laconic stile.
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out the idea her faint words deny.

O-listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gygantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself, ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes,

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere, and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain,
She, on the christian system, is prophane.
But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a granadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead?

A lady! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence,
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency, now reigns;
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons with a boydon air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecours with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art, and nature, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady D—— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well bred.

Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration? give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of time:
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
See walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline:
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia? her gray hairs engage;

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Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline,
 Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
 That, and that only can old age sustain;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,
 And yearly some are falling of the few;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop apace; by nature some decay,
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
 'Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now? — but Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
 The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
 Fancy, and passion tossed to and fro;
 A-while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills, the boldest are afraid;
 Where then is safety for a tender maid?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!

When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In simple manners all the secret lies,
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain shew, and noise, intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame, and idle praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise blis to come.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

INSCRIB'D TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit Comoedia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear.— Germain.—
I know her not.— your reason's somewhat odd;
Who knows his patron, now? reply'd the god.
Men write, to me, and to the world, unknown;
Then steal great names, to shield them from the town.
Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
To covert flies, of praise itself afraid:
Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
When such the theme, 'twill easily be done.

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, here, in miniature your pictures see;
Nor hope from Zincks more justice, than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride:

He's dear, you frugal ; chuse my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not prophane ;
To church as constant, as to Drury-Lane.
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due ;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a prayer :
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak ;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break :
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd ;
For they're before their maker,—— and mankind :
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;
But chaste as ice, this Vesta to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you, while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve ;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lover starves.

But with the modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call a ' nymph of spirit.'
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
 ' Or if you take a lion by the beard, *
 ' Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 ' Or arm'd rhynosceros, or rough Russian bear,'
 First make your will; and then converse with her.
 This lady glories in profuse expence,
 And thinks distraction is magnificence.
 To beggar her gallant is some delight,
 To be more fatal still, is exquisite.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In duel fell two lovers, one run mad.
 Her foes their honest execrations pour;
 Her lovers only should detest her more.
 Thrice happy they! who think I boldly feign,
 And startle at a mistress of my brain.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want.
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
 Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint:

* Shakespeare.

Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over-good——
Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in prayer and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
“ Who wou'd not think that Abra was a maid ?”

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting----but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possesses,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss.

She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still,

If Tullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

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But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quit o'er-run ;
And by too great accomplishments undone :
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty :
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence ;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace :
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
“ How charming this ?----The pleasure lasted long ;
Now every day the fits come thick, and strong :
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted, when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in store ?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more ?
She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed :
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed :

Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As uncoil'd hinges, querilously shrill.
'You went last night with Celia to the ball.'
You prove it false. 'not go? that's worst of all.'
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen,
His mirth is an inexpiable sin:
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair,
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:

Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some, none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.

« Folks are so awkward ! things so unpolite !
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections, are her woes.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress,
And pour'd such blessings---that she can't be blest.

Ah ! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, ador'd and wretched thing !
Old age will come, disease may come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.

Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay :
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;
Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine,
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool ;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed ;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.

But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth, and entertain;
Their prudence in a share of folly lies,
Why will they be so weak, as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extreams,
And with a vengeance she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions great, and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life. your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicea, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.

She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H——y the first wit she cannot be,
Nor cruel R——d the first toast for thee;
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme;
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she'll say,
'Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer;
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down:
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage.

So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it should procure.
 Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
 No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
 No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
 Can women, then, no way but backward fall?
 So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss they think all others few.
 Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
 Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.
 But Clio thus. ' what railing without end?
 ' Mean talk! how much more generous to commend?
 Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind instructor, and example too.

' Daphnis, says Clio, has a charming eye:
 ' What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
 ' Aspasia's shape indeed---but then her air---
 ' The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 ' Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
 ' And wit's enough---how few in all things shine?
 ' Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor---
 ' Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
 ' At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,
 ' The world congratulates so wise a choice;

' His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 ' But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 ' In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,
 ' But then—she has a freckle on her ear.'
 Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her own person, wit, fame, virtue bright;
 But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail;
 And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
 On others fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank, and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
 For are not coronets akin to crowns?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address
 The height of avarice and pride confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest cit,
 And quite as much detested, as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace, or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune, than our happiness.
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,

Themselves unblest: the poor are only poor;
But what are they who drop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery?
They languish! oh support them with a lye!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold. [divine,
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G——n:
But our invectives must despair success;
For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't Asturia? that affected dame?
The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
To strange new things, which nature never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes;
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger, and a thumb, conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream?
As Lethe, dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen?
What shades of mighty names which once have been?
A hecatomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.

H_____, P_____, B_____, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweetner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye? *

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;
At length to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law, and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain, for none, but for their wives;

* Virgil.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek?
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek?
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand?
But then, their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a spouse to them?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see?
And misses, antient in iniquity?
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawling, swearing, gaming?
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd Belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to C——ns, than St. Paul.

Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;
 'Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character in timorous things?
 Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
 A match for nothing---but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
 In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 ' From thinking free, to be free-agents too.'

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 down,
 In complaisance to all the fools in town.
 O how they tremble at the name of prude?
 And die with shame at thought of being good?
 For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
 They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
 Thro' cowardice, most execrably brave.
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.
 Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
 They dread a satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a Godhead
 own,
 And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
 From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
 God is, and is almighty-----to forgive.

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

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His other excellence they'll not dispute;
 But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
 Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
 For now and then a sip of transient joy?
 No; he's for-ever in a smiling mood;
 He's like themselves; or how cou'd he be good?
 And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose.—
 Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose
 The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
 A deity, that's perfectly well-bred.

« Dear T---l---n! be sure the best of men;
 « Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
 « Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;
 « Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
 « Let priests do something for their one in ten;
 « It is their trade; so far they're honest men.
 « Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
 « And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;
 « Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
 « From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
 « Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
 « But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
 « Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show :”
 « Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucaut?
 Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
 And pleading, safely enters on his list.

L

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
 Nature disjoins the beauteous and prophane.
 For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
 Virtue made visible in outward grace?
 She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
 The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep:
 They sleep no more! * Quadrille has murder'd sleep.
 'Poor K---p! cries Livia; I have not been there
 ' These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
 ' I hate a crowd---but to do good, you know---
 ' And people of condition shou'd bestow.
 Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K---p's grave matrons run,
 Now set a daughter, and now stake a son;
 Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
 And beggar half their race-----thro' charity.

Immortal were we; or else mortal quite,
 I less shou'd blame this criminal delight;
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
 And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
 We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
 And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
 Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
 Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good;

* Shakespear.

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful---spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal, and the ruin of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
shook,

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke;
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies?
For men, I mean, ---the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
swell!

Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine-one her soft nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still,
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by Spadil:
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair !
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal cry ?
Why pale distraction thro' the family ?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent ?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent ?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?
O nothing, but last night---my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from her theme ?
Is this too owing to the Love of Fame ?
Though, now, your hearts on lucre are bestow'd ;
'Twas, first, a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong ;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honour of our times,
That, none, now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride ;
Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r !
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r ?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ?
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please ?
When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
What can the preacher more, to make us chaste.

Can fame, like a repique, the soul entrance?
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the marry'd?—O feverer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate,
Flavia, at lovers false untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
While death stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake, in justice, long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, 'This fellow's very odd.'
When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins! to yonder flood of light
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight,

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law.
 'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
 Glows with the love of virtue, and of art?
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
 When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
 She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.
 † In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
 While genius is but cold, their passion warm;
 While public good aloft, in pomp, they wield;
 And private interest skulks behind the shield;
 While M---t, and W---ns rise in weekly might,
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;
 ‡ While Ate hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
 † Cries havock, and lets loose the dogs of ink;
 Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,
 But ladies are ripp'd up, and cits knock'd down;

* Milton. † Lucan. ‡ Shakespear.

Tremendous farce ! where ev'n the victor bleeds,
 And he deserves our pity, that succeeds ;
 Immortal Juvenal ! and thou of France !
 In your fam'd field my satire dares advance ;
 " But cuts herself a track to you unknown,"
 Nor crops your laurel, but wou'd raise her own ;
 A bold adventure ! but a safe one too !
 For, though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by you.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus. VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain
Smile, Walpole, or the nine inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due ; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design ?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright ;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known !
To give, and take a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme ;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee !
Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs ?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless ;
For caprice is the daughter of success,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause ;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and human kind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries, and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
What orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform

Their mighty deeds; they hero-like can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth, and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's builder and preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A nation crash'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away!
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph made!

How guilty these? yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard:

Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
 & With open arms their enemies embrace?
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 & The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
 Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
 Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease my muse! the catalogue is writ,
 Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
 Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
 May furnish laughter for another year.
 Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
 The justice yet of being well-abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
 How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,
 His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Verres is less qualify'd to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal,

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake of again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd
The muse has sung; be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey!

Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyll in fields, and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,

The flaming minister of Virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true; as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, 'Tis right,'
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.

To glorious deeds this passion fires the mind,
And closer draws the ties of humankind;
Confirms society; since what we prize
As our chief blessing, must from others rise.

Ambition in the truly noble mind
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;

As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.

In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
• The god and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our atchievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Would'st thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince! whom no sworn thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;

• Amphitryon.

But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires;
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor, and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men, and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charms envenom'd satire into praise.

* Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.

* The king in danger by sea.

Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Stiles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswic, shook our state,
And sported with a king's, and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear,
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like * Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus † slept not at the helm;
His eye near clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake.
By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which nature and the graces form,
At will, to raise, or hush the civil storm.

* Hom. II. Lib. I.

† Ecce Deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem, &c.

VIRG. Lib. V.

FINIS.

